BIRTHS, DEATHS & MARRIAGES.

A MEDICAL SKETCH.

"At first the *Infant*,

* * * * *

And then the whining *School-boy*, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping; like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the *Lover*,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. *
* * * Last scene of all
That ends this strange eventful history."

SHAKESPEARE.

By ROBERT JAMES CULVERWELL, M.D.

MEMBER OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS OF ENGLAND;
LICENTIATE OF THE HALL; AND TWENTY-FIVE YEARS
RESIDENT PRACTITIONER IN LONDON

10, ARGYLL PLACE, REGENT ST., LONDON.

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OF ANY READER INTERESTED IN THE
AUTHOR'S WORKS.

1847.

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* * * *

And then the Lover * *

* * *

* * Last scene of all

That ends this strange eventful history."

SHAKESPEARE.

"And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale."—*Idem*.

BY R. J. CULVERWELL, M.D.

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BIRTHS, DEATHS, & MARRIAGES.

"——At first the infant."

"WHAT a beautiful child!" is an exclamation delightful to make by the beholder, and delicious indeed to be heard by the parent; whilst, on the other hand, the sympathetic expression of "Poor thing!" addressed to a delicate, puny, or sickly offspring, carries with it a comment painful to all, but not the least to those the nearest allied to it. And why should there be the distinction? "As ye sow, shall ye reap; as ye prune, shall ye prosper;"—this law in nature is universal and unalterable.

Take a group of street children, whether revelling in the gutters, congregated at play or just loosened from their parish school, in happy careless infancy: observe them in all

the artlessness of their gambols, and what a contrast among them shall we find—lean and stout, rickety, mis-shapen or well-formed, ill and comely looking, stupid and sage, short and tall; in fact these diversities are the more apparent where the least attention is given to them, for, notwithstanding nature may make the best nurse, she scarcely cleans faces, fattens shrivelled bodies, or straightens limbs. Food, warmth, and nourishment are only to be found in homes and cupboards. The road side, village lanes, or country commons, foster a brood of youngsters of different colour and calibre; but then they (the children) proceed from a better stock, are better fed and attended to, and possess the very important adjuncts of life, namely, pure air and plenty of it, and room to play in. Trace the life of the infant to the growing child, or, I should rather say, career; for how fearfully many live but as the infant, or but as the child; and if some arrive at *youth-*

hood, how fearfully many die before they become men. Take the *Times'* obituary, and the mortality will be found to assail the noble and the gentle, the wealthy and the humble. The chief mourners are early brides, as well as matroned women; in fact, death indeed comes like a thief in the night, and spares neither rich nor poor. The heir to a dukedom, or the aspirant to the family shed, falls beneath the merciless scythe. It is not my purpose to offer an essay, on this occasion at all events, on the management of the nursery, or the sick chamber of the young world, although in themselves very notable offices: my intention is merely to trace the fact, that there is a surprising mortality from the seventh-day old child to the seventh or seventeenth year, nor is the succeeding tenth less remarkable for its berefts. In plain language, how few children live to become old people. There is an innate vanity in the father or mother to talk or tell of the number of children they have had,

and few mothers and married women can conceal how many more they might have had, but for some untimely mishap; and how staggering and astonishing the rejoinder of how many they have lost. The eye brightens when boasting of the boys and girls begotten, but droops when enumerating how few remain. There are happy exceptions here and there of a couple rearing their fourteens and their twenties, but alas! where are they to be found, and

"Echo answers—where?"

Of course numerous causes exist, and are believed to be known, why such things are and should be, and we hear of poverty and distress curtailing food and excluding air; the diseases of early life, such as coughs, and fevers, and inflammations, common to every climate and nation, are indeed formidable in themselves and constitute a fearful explanation. Ill feeding, ill ventilation, noxious effluvia, bad nursing, improper diet,

neglect of cleanliness and attention to the commonest functions of humanity, severally play their part; and hence the struggles to emerge from one's swaddling clothes ere we can even run alone. But is it not possible that this diversity of appearance—this aspect of health and sickliness, of deformity and sightliness, of positive strength and weakness, should have some remoter source than the mere accidents *after* birth? There can be no doubt of it; *for mainly on the health of the parents depends the health of the offspring*. It is needless to quote authorities, useless to refer to parish tables; in fact, a waste of time, to adduce parliamentary documents touching the life and mortality of this and other great nations; any one with the commonest capacity can readily discover the great bearing and universality of the fact. Let any son or daughter look for their own most secret peculiarities, either of mind, as exemplified in disposition, temper, intellect, and inclinations,—or of

body, as to health and appetites, and the truth will be apparent how much and many they inherit from their sires and mothers. If it shall be so evident as our development becomes matured, are we to suppose the assimilation absent in the young suckling? The truism thus broached has its inference. Have we at any period of our lives any control over our own health? for if we have, how important it is that we should exercise it to the good; when it is so evident that the life we have we give to others—that the present generation are the founders of the next. The world—in other words, mankind—may content itself, that so long as it lives only for itself, it matters little; as they are the sufferers; but as man, in the selfishness of his indulgences, perpetuates his race, it surely should provoke some reflection—say in his tranquil moments—whether it be expedient or just, that the evils he inherits should be extended to others. "Hang me if I care." or "I never

thought about it," are the most probable replies many a reader would mentally ejaculate, on perusing these remarks, if he supposed the question were put to himself. But if he should live, and become the father of two or three little "whipsters," and they should not rival his neighbours' children in the ruddy cheek, robust form, or boyish proportions, what will not his mortification cost him? He will, for the first time, puzzle himself about the reason, lamenting the destiny which Providence has permitted, and next about the remedy. A fortune is ready, if he have it, to be lavished on all means of restoration, change of air, scene, and circumstances—doctors and dietaries are in continual requisition; and most likely, despite all, the growing hope withers as the bud is about to blossom.

Medical men are constant witnesses to similar illustrations; scarcely a disease of chronic inveteracy that presents itself, but what may be traced to ancestral derivations.

It is proverbially known, that gout, scrofula, and consumption and insanity, abide in families, and descend with the patrimonial estate. The more common, but not less distressing, ailments of life beset the sickly lad or delicate young man that characterised one or both of his parents; and the feeble girl, like her mother, has hysterics, or spasms, or the no less distressing of all evils, a weak stomach. Upon once telling over to the mother of one of my patients, that her son had an extraordinary-conditioned stomach—that he could only digest certain condiments,—and upon further sympathising with his state of health, that notwithstanding all the care he took, his life was continually harassed with some morbid symptom or other, she very tartly replied, that *he must expect it as he neared her age, for she always had "a very bad stomach;" and that she endured quite as much as her son; and* THEREFORE *he must expect it, and put up with it, as she did;* a very pretty con-

solation, truly! The poor woman we are inclined, on the first impression of the case, to excuse; because we naturally say in our own minds, how could she help it? and besides, it was a fault, if any, of nature, not the mother's. But a second reading brings out the truth—the real state of the case. The son inherited his mother's constitution, and likewise many of her local vexations. He certainly had one advantage, and that was, that his mother suggested for his comfort and relief the remedies she took herself. But the young man's reflections were of an undignified kind, bordering, in fact, upon filial disrespect: he could not avoid bewailing that he was paying the penalty of other people's transgressions; and he thought his case a hard one. Who would not, I should like to know, similarly placed, think and feel as he did?

The lady botanist is quite sensible that the produce of the geranium-slip resembles the parent stem; and it is no trite satire

upon humanity, to observe, with what care she will "husband" her "clippings"—with what caution she will nurse the newly implanted tendril; and with what eagerness and satisfaction she will behold it blossom. The affection of the heart, it is true, is aroused when clasping to her bosom her infant picture; but it is much a question whether of the two—the flower or the child—the former does not receive more scientific attention in its nurture and cultivation than the latter. It would be snappish and churlish to deny, or to seem to forbid, a due understanding of the laws and order of nature in other matters than relate to ourselves; but, at the same time, it is a pity that so little attention should be given, in our infantile and more advanced education, to the laws of ourselves. There are many commonplace idioms proclaimed by mothers to their children, good in themselves, and useful, when observed; such as—"Don't drink cold water when you are hot;" "Don't

be greedy;" "Don't eat so fast;" "Don't eat so much;" "Don't stay up late;" "Don't eat new bread!" and a variety of other seemingly puerile and innocent apophthegms, but really all of very great importance, inasmuch as leading oftentimes to much mischief, if unobserved. But notwithstanding this apparently trifling mode of handling the question, we really seldom find grown-up people know much more, if we may judge from the blissful ignorance of the majority of invalids as to what they ought or should eat and drink.

If you forbid a dyspeptic person, whose stomach may be likened to a drum, from flatulence, to touch bacon, he will reply, "Oh, I thought bacon was good for indigestion." If you tell him to abstain from vegetables for awhile, he will reply, that what he was always so fond of, he would be sure could not hurt him; and if you should forbid a man, suffering from even fever and debility, to eat meat or drink beer, he will

tell you, it is impossible he can get strong without nourishment.

And why is all this, but because the theory of living is not popularised like any other science? Every nation has its habits and its diet; and they conform, in the majority, with the climate and capacity of the people, but many of the human family have to subsist by hook or by crook, and many to live upon what they do not like and what may not agree with them; yet habit or necessity leaves them no alternative, and at last they take to like what they at first abhorred. Habit and the natural relish for anything savoury make a man like bacon; and the appetite, when once aroused, can ill dispense with vegetables, much less meat and beer.

The writer of a book, like the builder of a house or a ship, should have at least a design; and either the book, the house, or the ship, should, in its progress or completion, bespeak its purpose. The inten-

tion exhibited in this little pamphlet, to any one who has glanced through it thus far, must be already apparent. The review of infantile life, as herein presented, is but an ordinary picture of an evil greatly existing in the world, to the sorrow of the child and the discomfiture of the parent; for it is evident how many are brought up feebly, how many are neglected, and how many die. In thus pointing out the fact, the intention is to proclaim against what everybody knows to exist, but few trouble themselves about to change; to prove that a better understanding of the subject is both politic and proper; for, although every person may say, it does not concern him or her, a little thought will upset that notion, and prove how painfully the evil comes home to ourselves; the children—that is to say, those who survive—grow up to be men and women, and mingle in the one universal family, among which we have all more or less some dear alliances.

If a man have not a daughter, he may have a niece; if not a sister, a cousin; and if neither, he may be a grand-parent; and surely what we hear, and learn, and feel to be repugnant in the history of unions between profligacy and virtue, old age and youth, or sickness and sound health, should concern us; if such unions pain us, without our even knowing the parties, how much more sincere the sympathy must and will be when we find, from some of the above associations, we are nearly allianced to such ill-timed matches; that the profligacy, senility, or sickness were the maiden's dowries; then it is that we complain, not that we did not take the precaution of guarding against what has happened, but that such Robespierres of health, passion, and deformities, should be suffered to prey about, and pick up those within their reach.

Such reflections as these, if they do not achieve a general reformation, sometimes have the advantage of serving individuals.

I think many fathers and mothers there are, possessed of the strongest feelings of affection towards their children, and who would sooner have them perish before their sight than that they should turn out vicious or immoral, and who will encourage an alliance that will increase, according to their own and their children's belief, the happiness, wealth, and fame of all parties. But then the same fathers, in settling their children, rarely make it a business to enquire into the health of their sons or daughters-in-law. It is true, a blotched face, a limping limb, or a sensible cough, might provoke a little hesitation to a parent's consent, as to the parish church; but beyond that, who ever for a moment supposes such an inquiry necessary? The banker or the ledger are the only referees the bridegroom offers, and May-day finery conceals the rest. If a man attempt to insure his life, he undergoes a most searching examination; and there are some fathers wise enough to insist that a

certain insurance shall be effected, more with a view of compelling the necessary examination (which, if approved of only, will proclaim the fact), than for security against the contingency of an untimely decease.

The illustrations in support of the argument might be augmented *ad infinitum*, but the main truth is so evident, and one which every body can detect in their own person, where it occurs, or they are provoked to observe it, that the mere statement is offered as the text of this little pamphlet. I can readily imagine the indignation of a middle-aged bachelor invalid at its being hereby inferred that none but the healthy and the hearty should join hands and bear the like name; but after the immediate outbreak of his perturbed spirit, a little cogitation may reconcile him to what is as conducive to his own happiness as to others.

Suppose such a man, aged forty-five—

and I know one at this moment who, six years ago, when numbering the above period, married a youngish wife. He had been in sick health for a long time, and he married as much for a companion and nurse as anything else. But his wife bore him two boys; and, fond as he was and is of his children, they survive but to exhibit what a weakly pair they are. He would have fumed to death had his hopes been disappointed; and bitterly does he regret the existence now of the little sufferers. He has wealth to leave them; but if they are to carry out the general scheme, what, in faith's name, will the succeeding progeny resemble? I feel convinced that this gentleman could not forgive, in another person, the part he has himself played. The great and good English maxim of "Do unto others as you would be done by" (which is the test inquiry of what is right and wrong in this world, as relates to the offices betwixt man and man) is violated strangely in the

case I am detailing. The gentleman could not look upon his children without wishing they had never been born. They may command every worldly comfort; but they will, notwithstanding, be always more or less a burden to themselves. We see numerous sickly and infirm people of both sexes and all ages, go where we will; and it as often happens, that they are lavishly provided for; and furthermore, albeit they may be denied the free use of their limbs, or play of their bodies, or perhaps some of their senses—I mean sight and hearing, in particular—yet still they desire to live:

"Life every man holds dear."

But the question will up, "Of what use are they to the general end of life?" As far as regards themselves, they are non-entities, and excite, despite their worldly comforts, not the envy but the sympathy of the humblest amongst us.

The world was never free from disease,

and sin, since the time of our first parents, the believer avouches; but deformity and decrepitude and ill health do not exist alike all over the world; there are exceptions, where perfection, or next kin to it, reigns; and so far from nature having a bearing or tendency to decay, it is more wonderful what she will resist than what she will succumb to, and how triumphantly she will fight her way back, though brought to the brink of the grave. This is an argument—or, shall I say, assertion—that has, does, and should always, support and encourage the suffering and sorrowed one; but nevertheless it will not do to trust to such a resuscitative tendency alone. A sickly brood may, by judicious training, and being in all things properly placed, be restored to vigour and strength, and be endowed in time with all the attributes of what ennobles man. Life is a continued succession of changes, from ill to good, and from better to worse; but there is a limit to where it shall exist.

It is astounding to observe under what extreme conditions sometimes existence will hold on; but it is, as it were, suspended only by a thread; and when a headstrong mortal would violate its privileges, annihilation comes to the rescue. Hence have we fruitless unions and justified disappointment. It will take more than a generation to obliterate physical degeneracy; but a century is as a breath to the time past and to come; yet what will not culture do? Intermarriages among opposite tendencies, selecting still the best, prudent living, and an observance of Heaven's laws, will alter a race of mankind. People pride themselves on the family countenance, and boast of their ancestors; but history proves how little claim of the kind from resemblance remains of them. It is a common remark, that we (the English) are a more careful and temperate set of beings than we were; that life is more valued than it used to be; that we now live longer and are beginning to

see our way better; that this is the age of improvement, and so on: a great deal of it no doubt is true, but the evils of old remain; we have still drunkenness and dissipation, and the same disregard to personal watchfulness and physical tuition as ever, and of course people suffer and physicians thrive. The masses, it is true, who do not have the care of themselves, but are still looked after, are freer from pestilences and spreading illnesses than formerly, owing to improved ventilation, drainages, and doubtlessly more temperate habits; but the world is little wiser of the simplicities of life. Temptations beget trespassers, and luxuries and delights will find worshippers. That wisdom certainly is the best which is bought, but the price often times paid for it, as by the donkey who strolled into the dairy and drank up all the cream (vide "Times" of 29th July, 1845), is fearfully severe—the poor donkey died! And who should be the arbiters of diet and discipline,

the cooks or the doctors?—They are both opposed to the reformation: some Father Mathew or father somebody else, or likely a second Cornaro, may arise and set the world agog, how it should live to flourish, and flourish to enjoy. All great changes or novelties are usually from single-handed examples or introducers. The Polka was brought over by a Pole, and who does not dance it; a similar honor may be in store for a philosopher, but not, I fear, a "medicine-man." Take but a glance at medical literature; why, it is as prolific of subjects as a romancist or novel writer's library. I will be bound to say that of all books published, for what we call general perusal, one-third relate to the treatment of disease. And what is the tendency of all these books—I am speaking collectively; there may be, and no doubt are, exceptions—but for the writers to bepraise themselves? Long histories are given of symptoms as numerous and multifarious as possible;

cases are enumerated, almost illimitable, of the extraordinary cures effected by some specific remedy; but the way how to avoid these terrible assailants is but slightly hinted at; in fact the majority of medical publications are "business books." They talk of the *cure*—the *cure*, but nôt the *prevention*. We may be told, that that is the province of the divine, or that the people should judge for themselves, or must find out how to live; but woe be to him of the right or the left, by chance belonging to the craft of Æsculapii, that shall tell, or talk, or write in the language of his neighbours, so that he shall be understood, and what he advocates shall be sensible and useful: it is funny—downright laughable—to see the spluttering about of some men, who consider they have achieved a miracle if they can get a paragraph inserted in a medical or other journal, and whose vanity knows no bounds if they perpetrate a book —they handle it as they would a doll, and

yet those men would be ready to tread the life out of a successful rival whose ingenuity, enterprise, or wit, has been turned to a better account than their own. They talk, forsooth, of etiquette and legitimacy and the like, and they are moreover for denouncing any brother labourer who wanders from the beaten track of usage and absurdity. If people now-a-days are not unanimous in studying better how to live, they appear at all events to know better the value of life, although they may not go the right way to secure its continuance; they attach less faith to the philters and nostrums of the day, nor do they run after the medical Solons as of old. Formerly there were, and still there are, many who—finding themselves, say, for argument's sake, *ill* with a pain somewhere or an uneasiness elsewhere, or say something positively wrong about them—would linger half a day in the ante-room of a celebrated physician for the benefit of a momentary

audience, and would then hurry off with the mystical prescription in which all the learning of the day was supposed to be concentrated, but which in fact smelt only of a little rhubarb and magnesia. People, I say, now-a-days, I mean the bulk of us, if we have a pain that our humble senses cannot explain, we seek to know what it is, and no man of any physiological acumen — and where is the one that has not some smattering of it ?—but desires to know why he is to swallow blue pill or sarsaparilla, or any of the modern pharmaceutical introductions.

Well, reader—I confess to a desultory and digressive exordium, and, to particularise what I would be writing about, have need almost to begin over again. If my book, however, be not read, I shall escape your censure, and be spared the anxiousness which at this moment I feel lest, should you read it, what I write be not to the purpose, and be a waste of

your time; but believing that there *are* a few who think as I do, I will even hope that you may be of the number; and that, if what I shall advance put but a hint in your way that you can turn to a personal and profitable use, it will compensate, even should my pages afterwards be employed to light a candle or be scattered to the crossings.

I have, thus far, submitted a few random shots at what my peculiar province tells me to be a great evil in itself, and still greater in its effects—the cause of present evil and the brewing of others to come. The pith of a book might be put in a page, as the longest speech might be compressed into a few words; but writing and speaking are to save thinking, or to present thoughts ready-made, that shall confirm or give force to the position which shall be offered. The mere statement of a fact needs corroboration, especially if it relate to a matter not uppermost

in every body's mind; and therefore the further trespass on the reader's patience for the remaining part of this little *brochure* to follow.

In directing attention to infantile mortality, and the prevalent feeble health of "young England," my remarks should have a bearing on the best means of prevention of the one and improvement of the other. It would be out of place to dedicate my address to the young sufferers, because the fault is not with them; to comment on the part fulfilled by fathers and mothers would be of no avail, for that which is done cannot be undone; and therefore the remedy, if any exist herein, can only be perspective: the axe must be laid at the root, and that which involves the evil in so many ways must be attacked at its source.

We will even suppose it possible, that one of us may be born well-formed, healthy, and with all things favourable;

but yet how frequently do we find the staff broken before the pilgrimage of maturity be complete. Where the exception occurs, which, thanks to Providence, now and then we meet with (else what would become of the world), this life is festooned with enjoyments. The pleasures of health can never be sufficiently appreciated. Eating, drinking, and sleeping are severally great happinesses; but, with appeased appetites, how exquisite is the full possession and use of the other attributes of mankind, whereby the affections of human life are felt and exchanged. With these privileges, earth is indeed a heaven; and blessed are they that thus inhabit it. On the other hand, how fearfully sad and depressing is the position of man or woman who, by circumstances of their own or the world's creation, are excluded from these fair offices in life. I do not mean those less participators of Fortune's favours, but those who particularly from

ill health or from known incapacity, go through their existence on to its close *alone*. What must be the feelings of an otherwise amiable person, shut out from the joys of domestic solicitude and the happy feelings of parental affection — of loving and of being loved? I once heard a delightful woman bitterly repine, that her destiny had excluded her from being a wife and a mother; but she was plain! and poor! and ill! She was a delightful woman, notwithstanding; for she was sensible, amiable and good; she played the part allotted to her faithfully and zealously, — that of attending to an afflicted parent; and the same grave within a short while contained them both. How equally melancholy is a disappointed, or we had better say, a *spoilt man* — one who has dissipated his life away, and who prematurely sinks in oblivion and death; living only for himself, and dying unheeded and uncared for.

Well, then, let us suppose man spoils

himself—at what age are we to consider the fair form our imagination has drawn turns aside from the right road to excellence and perfection? Where does the mischief commence? Where does the fault lie? What may be considered the critical age? We will try and paint it; selecting the ruts and quagmires, and the fairy bowers, and other pleasant places. As play is the child's pursuit, so pleasure is the man's; and such is the selfishness of human nature, that all things are made to give way to it.

The child and boy, from him

> "With his satchel
> And shining morning face, creeping like snail,
> Unwillingly to school,"

are allured by the fascination of selfishness in all things. Where is the stripling under ten but who would eat himself into a surfeit, if not controlled and forbidden; and where hardly is the youth in his *teens* but hates restraint on his passions and indulgences; who, far from thinking his

capacities will not keep pace with his wants, only fears lest his capacities should lack their full?

The earliest errors of mankind commence in the stomach, and then by degrees every sense becomes abused. The confession of a young man who has nearly "used up" his constitution, tells of improvident and careless feeding, of loss of rest, of cold-catching, of habits of dissipation, of smokings and drinkings, with many regrets for the same, and lamentations for the consequences. If we add ten years to the penitent, we learn but an aggravation of mortifications. Disease has a firm hold of him; pain, suffering, and disgust, reign supreme. Sleep, which

"Seldom visits sorrow,"

finds no home, and the once idol of a parent's heart meets rest but in the cold earth.

This is but a passing sketch of extremes, and merely allusive to the fact that other

than old persons die through being "*worn out.*" It is an expressive phrase, where a man is said to have "*lived hard,*" for the translation will be found to cover a multitude of sins. But then the cause is readily understood, and who can sympathise with that foolish man who thus wastes his life, and lives only through the worst part of it? It may be "flattering unction" to one's memory, to anticipate being spoken of as a "good fellow," a "convivial soul," and a "benevolent man," and these are epitaphs easily acquired by the spend-thrift and free liver; but they usually betoken the entombed to have acquired such a distinction by not only a sacrifice of himself (for premature death is a severe penalty) but by an act of injustice to those dearly allied to him.

Some reader, if he be a parent, may here exclaim, "My child has neither been a gross feeder, nor a loose or dissipated young man, nor has he contracted any disease that I know of, nor am I aware that he has in

bibed any ill health from me; on the contrary, he was born a fine child, he throve as a lad, was brought up under my continual observation, has lived very carefully, has had numerous advantages, a mother's watchfulness, a father's regard, and a comfortable home; but since he has grown up to young man's estate the course has changed. Not his habits, for he still conducts himself most exemplarily; but his health has drooped, his spirits have waned —and he is but a shadow of what he was. We have conferred with those whom we consider the proper authorities about him, and we have been advised to send him into the country, which we have done; but the report is still unfavourable." This is a sorry state of things; but many persons beside myself know such to be true. What, in the name of Providence, is the hidden cause thereof? The eye cleaves to the page to read the truth, and shall it or dare it be told? One word, and the wonderment

ceases. The title of this little work, and the means adopted for its propagation, may take it unluckily out of the sphere it is desirable it should only circulate in. It is meant for private and judicious presentation, to such only as it may concern ;—it may fall across the notice of those 'twere cruel to submit the intimation to, because evil flourishes only where it is known. Great and extensive as is the error to which the allusion now tends, and the existence of which, with barefaced immodesty, the world is daily apprised of, still Nature is to be found in all her simplicity and guilelessness, in numbers of the sons and daughters of Eve ; and the writer would regret deeply, if by any act or intimation he awakened a knowledge of a fault, the ignorance of which is happiness. But, on the other hand, how is it possible to admonish and reprove, or forbid that which the tongue or pen hesitates to publish. Yet awhile let us forbear—the imagination may aid our purpose.

If a young man be ill, how seemingly difficult it is to solve the enigma of what is the matter with him.

Has he cold or fever?—No. Headache?—No. Is he in pain anywhere?—No. Has he any local suffering?—No. Does he eat, drink, and sleep well?—Yes. Well, then, what is the matter with him?—No one knows. His mother may say, he looks ill—he is not so cheerful as formerly—he looks heavy around his eyes—he appears languid—she fancies his clothes hang about him—she dreads lest "he fall into a decline." His father has not much noticed him; but the boy is certainly not so lively as his brother. There is a something which all his uncles and aunts have observed, but they can hardly say what; and the most surprising part of the affair is, that the young man himself is ignorant of what ails him. In answer to all the professional interrogatories as to what concerns him, he will declare he does not know.

Time at last unravels the mystery. By degrees he finds himself very forgetful and abstracted—if he catches himself looking fixedly at any brightish object, he will suddenly feel as though confused and lost and will require personal rousing to recollect himself. His relish for his ordinary duties, his business engagements, will flag—if he happen to sit with his pen off his ledger a few moments he will fall drowsy and perhaps asleep—he next will catch himself drawing deep sighs, and be seized with involuntary sobbings. A settled depression will next cling to him,—and a constant feeling of unhappiness will bestride him; if not aroused from this new state of feeling, vague thoughts of the miseries of life float about him, and he reads the most dismal parts of the public journals. Strange temptations to rid himself of this morbid *incubus* beset him, and then he begins to dread lest he should no retain control over himself.

Beside all this, he feels weak and lan-uid; loses his appetite, or, on the con-rary, acquires an increased one, but withal .e falls away—his muscles dwindle to thin lips, and he can scarcely drag himself about. Ie suddenly comes to the conclusion that e must be "NERVOUS." This new feeling aunts him, and he very soon is *really* ervous. The slightest thing in the world xcites him, and he quickly becomes un-tted for the commonest purposes of life—e can neither read nor write, that is, he as no inclination for either.

For the life of him he cannot write a :tter, much less indite one—the mere ommittal to memory of the slightest en-agement, or the smallest fact, is a com-lete failure. Indeed, scarcely can any ıtention be relied upon, because before ; is carried out it is forgotten. A book as no charms—the eye may wander hrough the page, but the mind retains ot its meaning; and more frequently even

the gaze—the perusal from top to bottc
of the page, let alone the understandi
of it, cannot be accomplished. Is not t
a fearful condition, and is it not a sad o
when some judicious counsel, some tim
reasoning, some one solitary hint, mig
have crushed the worm at the core—

"One word might have saved me, but ye would not

Can he or they who have read this p
ture of a luckless wayward one, and w
may inherit or bear some of the infirmit
therein delineated, and who may plead "
guilty" to the worldly sin of glutto
inebriation, dissipation, distemper, or si
ly parentage— can he or they say, *that t*
are guiltless of all other possible, or at le
known provocatives, whereby they have
curred such a calamity; or, if the conject
be still obscure as to what those provocati
are, let them investigate, let them comm
within themselves, let them recall th
moments of retirement, when heighte

ncy, or wandering anticipation, shall or all not have aroused feelings and urged mmittals of extravagances, they, the per- trators, would have blushed at being sur- ised in? If honesty can plead acquittal, en, indeed, my sketch may fall where it teth, and the writer will have the satisfac- on of knowing, that although his appre- nsions have been falsely levelled, they, the same time, have been harmlessly rected.

Still the fact abides where it did, and rms the blot on the escutcheon. All man- nd have their faults; and the one under beyance, which, like the spot on the sun, not seen at first sight, but which requires ie searching eye of the investigator to iscover, yet remains—yet exists; and, save nd except some moral humane society oint out the "*dangerous locality*," the nocent, the giddy, the thoughtless, or the eadstrong, will be lured, as others have een, to their own destruction.

This, it must be confessed, is a sorry and lame way of exposing a fault; it is allowing it to proclaim itself beyond sight and hearing, behind, as it were, a cloud; it is making much of it, and yet trying to screen it. We understand what you mean, may say some one. We can make nothing of it, may utter another. The assumed squeamishness is tantalising, may declare a third and why not boldly avow what it is you mean, asks a fourth. Set but the curiosity afloat, and the secret, where it is fit it should, will surely be discovered. These pages must tell their own tale, *their* cause must rest on self-defence. The allusion is sufficiently striking for the only person it is desirable should understand the application,—namely, the culprit. If it be so evident, proceed we to the deductions. Cæsar's statue needed no inscription to bespeak whom it represented. The Englishman's idol of the 19th century is recognised in the sculpturing. The author

of this essay will be equally satisfied if his draft be sufficiently graphic.

An error to produce such results, such embitterments of life, such calamitous consequences to mind and body, to the present existing and the future-to-be man, surely warrants an effort for its extermination. Let us assume the reader and author to understand each other. Is the present mode to denounce a wrong commendable; especially a wrong that involves in the end a corruptness of principle, and an upset of all the better feelings of human life, as well as that which saps the life-stream of breathing man? But why this sudden burst of philanthropy? Whence this *Howard*-ism of criminal sympathy? Half an hour's perusal will bring about the *denouement* of purport and intention.

Others than ourselves have an interest in the matter, as will presently be shewn. Is the exposition of a fault which carries with it its own condemnation and its own moral

questionable in propriety and usefulness because "out of evil cometh good," and there should lurk a motive not purely disinterested in the hand which points to and bids beware of the "slough of despond"?

The simple question is, should an evil of such magnitude be disregarded? Should the attention of fathers, sons, and even mothers, be called to it, and if so by whom —should it be denounced from the pulpit —should it form the private admonition of every family medical man (not a bad idea, but then medical men have not a footing in every family, indeed many people never, but in very extreme cases, think of employing one at all)—should it form the garrulous gossip of nurses, or aged grandames;— or should it find its way to the young mind by filthy hand-bills distributed about the street, or by horrible, overstrained, and, indeed, dreadful publications, cunningly advertised and put forth as they are by Jew quacks and other imposters, that con-

jure up the fears of the already nervous and timid, and extort thereby withering sums that are oftentimes, through despair and horrror, obtained but at the lasting discomfiture and inconvenience of the poor victim ; or, lastly, had it not better rather be entrusted to the legitimate medical advocate who chooses to make the infirmity in question his *specialité* for the honourable purpose—as the oculist, aurist, dentist, or any man who gives his attention exclusively to a particular subject, like consumption, skin diseases, &c. &c.—of turning his knowledge and skill to its legal use, namely, to contribute to his income ? Divines, all officers of trust for public tuition or public good—even to the minister of state, exercise their vocations for the same ends, which are liberally conceded to them ; but because bad men turn a human failing to a cruel purpose, it surely does not necessarily follow, that every individual, especially if he be qualified by law, and

possess medical ability, and is of unblemished character, because he finds himself extensively consulted in these matters, shall fall under the same lash.

We hesitate not to speak openly of excesses which our children may be guilty of. We tell our neighbours and friends of the late hours and bad companions, which our young representatives have kept and associated with. We blush at, but own to, acts of next to insane drunkenness. We confess to the follies of a town life, and even treacheries against hospitality and friendships, but for which a fine, or a verdict carrying possibly a farthing damages, we are apt to consider sufficient atonement; but *our fingers are on our lips* touching the secret and concealable error of our ways.

The press too, with a most inexplicable delicacy, suddenly becomes so virtuous as to exclude from its columns of announcements all references to the subject, even though emanating from respectable and

qualified medical men, whilst at the same time, in an adjoining page, is given a filthy police report or an obscene trial, where statements are afforded with a minuteness of detail calculated to arouse all the morbid imaginings of our natures, or, if we have delicacies, to shock the most stoic and indifferent. On the other hand, such again are the inconsistencies, that advertisements of a most revolting character are received from a well-known set of Jew-mongering, self-styled surgeons, whilst the proceedings before a magistrate are muffled up in some such statements as "that the particulars are not fit for publication." *O tempora!—O mores!!* which literally means —*What next?*

But one side of the "brief" has been disposed of. The mental part of man has chiefly constituted the subject of our commiseration. We have told of prostrated faculties, of enervated reason, of bewildered or decayed intellect, and of absolute ner-

vousness. It is true that the mind and body so sympathise with each other, that one can scarcely be involved without dragging down with it the other. Where is the dyspeptic, but he is also more or less nervous, and where is the melancholy man, but whose physical frame is here or there deranged? In enumerating the enervations of the mind as emanating from various morbid sources, the great picture was given as attributable to the fault it is the aim of this book to correct. The accompanying annoyances range widely over the catalogue of bodily ills. The principal feature is exhaustion and debility—not of the day's production, but of long antecedent time—*the persistence of bad habits*. A simple head-ache has its source—a heavy meal—a cold—fatigue or sadness—or constipation, or many other causes will produce it; but it is got rid of, on their removal. The constant nervous head-ache from debility is another affair. Every

malady likewise has its origin, and yields to a subsidence of that which produced it. The persistence of the cause establishes the consequences, which become part of the daily economy of life; and hence the unceasing grievances of those individuals to whom these remarks apply.

Lastly, ere this part of our subject be disposed of, there are attributes, essential to maintain, besides capacities to play the part designed for man in his progress through the world, as the architect of his own fortunes—there are duties for him to fulfil to those with whom he would share his faith and his possessions. In the general wreck of his health, these attributes fail, and he finds himself the desolate wanderer, excluded from the participation of those joys and comforts his hopes had buoyed him up with, which, in his growth from the stripling to the man, had been his leading star—it no longer exists, and he sinks to the creature, made the more

wretched by the comparison of himself with others, which ever are obtruding themselves as he mingles in society.

Our past reading has taken in the consideration of infantile and boyish existence of the first third of a man's life. A brighter epoch is at hand. This brings us to

> "The lover
> Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
> Made to his mistress' eyebrow."

How universal is the desire to get married—it is the great end and aim of life. There may be no change in every possible point of view, so necessary to be previously well considered as matrimony; but yet how paramount to all others in man's history is the incentive which leads us on. It is indeed a most fertile theme, and volumes have been dedicated to this subject alone. Our consideration herein of the question relates less to its obligations than its expediency, inasmuch as the main property of these remarks applies more to the issue

than the individuals immediately concerned.

In thus premising that our reference is to the future and not the past, it is useless repining at what we have made ourselves, except it be to let those who succeed us know the anguish we suffer for our own misdeeds, and by our representations induce them to avoid the hidden rocks on which we have foundered.

In advocating the guardianship of health, the father is held responsible for his child, not only for what he has made him, but also for what he may make of him. In this large world, however, three-fourths have to shift for themselves; and it is possible that in the same ratio will be the readers of this little pamphlet—this address therefore is expressly dedicated to such, in order that they may see what is due from themselves, and how to repair the neglect these pages may find them suffering from.

In tracing the sick or delicate health of a child, or a growing lad, or a young man,

to parental origin, supposing the father or mother to be made sensible that such is the case—that to themselves alone, or chiefly, have they to attribute their child's affliction, how painful must be their reflections! A parent's love for a child is the more active and fervent in proportion to such disadvantages, and therefore the more to be deplored is the calamity. A mother's grief and a father's regret—what can be more poignant, on witnessing their sinking or expiring offspring, especially when they know that, on giving it life, they conveyed to it the seeds of its premature dissolution? With such a fact constantly before us, how it behoves those anticipating unions, to ponder before they perpetuate their own misery, if not for their own sakes and sufferings, at least in mercy to those who are to issue from their loins. What else can be expected from a couple where the combined health of the two is not equal to the ordinary health of one

perfect individual? And how rarely do we really find, especially in all interesting matches, but the bride or bridegroom to be in what is termed "delicate health." Hence, oftentimes the popular notion, that a pale-faced woman, or a "love-sick looking" young man, have only to marry to get well, instead of getting well first and marrying afterwards. A certain class of individuals are ever ready to ridicule this train of reasoning; but if they unhappily disregard its application, they will be sure to find out, when too late, the truth to fall at their own doors. Hence, if there be any truth in the statement, that children inherit the constitutions as well as the features and minds of their parents, the imperative and urgent necessity of young persons contemplating marriage, to look before they leap, not only at the *trousseau* or the wife's dowry, or the husband's estate and means, but at the stability of each other's health. It is true, marriage is oftentimes a remedy

for certain ills, but only those ills begotten by a disregard of nature's ordinances; for it is as much a law at a certain age that parties should marry, as that fishes should swim or birds fly; but their marriage is only timely when consistently carried out with regard to age and condition. It is monstrous when peculiar deformities, or fatal though lingering sicknesses, exist at an espousal.

We have talked of the children inheriting disease and delicate health from their parents: the following facts are striking corroborations of how much, and principally in what way, children take after their fathers and mothers; how not only health, form, and feature, but intellect and genius, or imbecility and viciousness, may be propagated. The fact has been long observed and known, but only recently practically elucidated, and that most satisfactorily, by Mr. Alexander Walker. This gentleman has written extensively on matters con-

nected with the subject, but the book whence his views are taken is entitled * "Intermarriage." That portion under immediate notice relates to the resemblance of progeny to parents.

The idea that it is possible, by appropriate marriages, to secure a certain standard of beauty, stature and form, unfortunately does not secure that notice it is worthy of, because people rarely think of the possibility until courtship has commenced; but the evidence presently to be offered must convince the most sceptical and selfish, that it is of most certain accomplishment, and furthermore, that so attractive are the results, that the reflective will take care not to surrender their affections merely to love at sight, when it is quite possible to command that powerful feeling when well, equally as when ill directed.

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* Churchill, Prince's street, Soho.

All parents, writes Mr. Walker, communicate distinct points of resemblance to their children, and the part which each parent takes is modified by the similarity or dissimilarity betwixt the father and mother; for instance, in unions between persons of the same variety, such as where a similarity in complexion, form, make, and temperament, exists, certain fixed resemblances ensue in the issue thereof. Again, when persons of different complexions, and different temperaments marry, the issue partake of different *points* of resemblance. Lastly, when persons of the same family (breeding *in and in*, as it is termed) marry, the issue assume new features; he therefore divides his investigations of resemblances betwixt parents and children into three varieties, which are as follows:—

Firstly,—Where persons of the *same variety* marry, but of *different* families.

Secondly,—Where persons of *opposite variety* marry, also of *different* families.

THIRDLY,—Where persons of the *same family* intermarry.

In the first arrangement, where persons of the same variety marry, one parent communicates the *Anterior series* of resemblances, and the other the *Posterior*; but either parent may impart either series.

The Anterior series consists of the *Forehead*, and bony parts of the face, as

The Orbits,	Jaws,
Cheek Bones,	Chin and Teeth,

as well as the shape of the organs of sense, and the *tone* of the voice, and likewise *the whole of the internal nutritive system*, which signifies the contents of the trunk, such as the lungs, heart, and digestive organs, as well as the form of the trunk.

The *Posterior* series consists in the *Backhead*, the few more moveable parts of the face, and the locomotive system, as—

The external	Lower part of the
Ear,	Nose,
Under Lip,	Eyebrows,

and the external forms of the body, in so far as they depend on the muscles, as well as the form of the limbs, even to the *fingers*, *toes*, *nails*, etc.

Mr. Walker assigns reasons why certain organisations should go together, namely, from their connexion; such as, for instance, he says, that portion of the brain which *regulates* the senses, corresponds with them, and consequently influences their organisation internal and external, and, in like manner, that portion influencing the motive powers, namely the backhead, influences the form of the limbs, and hence the resemblance to that parent in those particulars which imparts either series.

Various corroborations are found in Mr. Walker's book to prove this asertion. It has been observed that in a female with a short and round face, chubby cheeks and a full forehead, but "contracted and fine in the nose and mouth," the trunk will be found wide and capacious, and the limbs

tapering; whilst, on the contrary, women with slender oval faces and aquiline noses, have spare and slender bodies.

With a view of determining the truth of the statement of either parent giving a particular series of resemblances of themselves to their offspring, Mr. Walker recommends the various parts of the head and face of a child, as detailed in the subjoined columns, to be examined, and those points not possessed by the child as resembling either father or mother to be crossed out, and those resembling to remain, when it will at once be seen which parent the child takes after, and from which the *anterior* or *posterior* series is derived.

NAME OR INITIALS OF CHILD.

PARTS RESEMBLING THE MOTHER.	PARTS RESEMBLING THE FATHER.
Forehead.	Forehead.
Upper middle part of Head.	Upper middle part of Head.
Bony parts of Face.	Bony parts of Face.
Teeth.	Teeth.
Digestive System.	Digestive System.
Form of Eyes.	Form of Eyes.
Eyebrows.	*Eyebrows.*
Middle of Nose	*Middle of Nose.*
Point of Nose.	*Point of Nose.*
Upper Lip.	*Upper Lip.*
Under Lip.	*Under Lip.*
Ears.	*Ears.*
Back-head.	Back-head.
Upper middle part of Head, over the Ears, and towards the Temples.	Upper middle part of Head, over the Ears, and towards the Temples.
Frontal Protuberances.	Frontal Protuberances.
Chest.	Chest.
Limbs.	Limbs.
Fingers, Toes, Nails.	Fingers, Toes, Nails.

Those parts printed in italics are variable, by the cerebral (back part of brain so called) influencing the muscles more or less connected with them.

To persons desirous of examining the physiological reasons for such resemblances, and for the more general view of the theory, Mr. Walker's book must be referred to, my intention being merely to popularise his statements, with a view of corroborating my own, that parents impart not only make and shape, but health and mind to their offspring, and are therefore responsible for the condition of their children.

In examining resemblances, the *front face* of a child may resemble one parent, but the *profile* will resemble the other.

The *front view* best displays the observing faculties; the *profile view*, the *active ones*.

"The parent who gives the *locomotive* system, does not give the carriage and the

manner of walking. These are always given by the other parent, who gives the organs of sense." Therefore, the child with the limbs in resemblance of the mother walks like the father, and *vice versâ*, as the eye directs the walking, and gives the character to it. Witness the step of the clod-hopper, or the man of fashion. "The transmission of the mind is derived in equal and distinct portions from both parents, when the parents are of the same variety, and the temper and disposition in like manner; but one gives the whole of the nutritive, and the other the whole of the locomotive, organs."

The child who resembles the anterior series of the one parent is also characterised by a corresponding similarity in the functions of taste, smell, sight, etc., and also the observing, imitating, acquiring, and other faculties. The *back-head*, or posterior series, imparts the *passions* and *appetites*.

"Whatever increases the ardour of passion invigorates the progeny"—this shows the indispensability of health in parties marrying. The condition of health, the occupation, the state of mind, whether happy or saddened, at the period of matrimony, all have an influence upon the offspring. In the excitement present, whether it be intellectual or sensual, whether it be the gentle emotion of pure affection, or the burning passion of mere desire, how necessarily must the consequences fall upon the issue thereof.

How important, then, is it to select the most fitting period of life, when the intellect is ripest, when the health is most perfect, and when circumstances combine to diffuse the greatest amount of happiness to bride and bridegroom; how important is it to select that period for marriage, and how equally important, after what has been stated, that the *mind and health* of one parent, and the *appetites*, *passions*,

and figure of the other, are perpetuated in the offspring, that the selection should be a judicious one, and made only with reflection and forethought. This subject, however, has been extensively treated upon in my work, entitled "The Institutes of Marriage," to which I shall shortly allude.

We now come to speak of the second variety, called, in agricultural phraseology, "The Law of Crossing," which is where parties marry who are of different temperaments and characters. In the former instance, it was stated, that where the father and mother were of the same variety, *either* parent might communicate the resemblances which went together, namely, *mind* and *health* — or the *forehead* and *digestive organs*, etc., and the *back-head*, or *will* or *appetites* and *form* of *limbs*, etc.

Now, where parties of different breeds marry, supposing them to be of equal age,

vigour, etc., the MALE gives the *back-head* and *locomotive organs,* and the FEMALE gives the *face* and *nutritive organs.*

Hence, in "cross" alliances, the intellect of the mother, and the animal power of the father, descend usually to the offspring, except in especial cases, which are explicable on the principle, that power imparts power, and debility, debility.

The inference from this statement is, that in healthy alliances with persons of different variety, the father gives the energy and the mother the intellect.

This is as it should be, and as such a union always commands the like results (which marriages among the same variety do not, for there *either* parent, be it remembered, may give *either* mind or strength), it follows that cross-breeds secure a more vigorous and healthy progeny, and hence are to be preferred. There are sundry modifications observable, even in the resemblances as thus given; but they

do not upset the positive law, that the father (the amount of health being equal) gives the character of the face, and the mother the organs of sense.

The last variety is where the parents are both of the same family, where the propagation is termed "breeding in and in."

"The third law operates where *both parents* are not only of the same *variety*, but of the *same family in its narrowest sense*, and where the *female* GIVES ALWAYS the *back head* and *locomotive organs*, and the *male* the *face* and *nutritive organs*," precisely the reverse of what takes place in crossing.

Agriculturists, sportsmen, cattle-breeders, and all persons concerned in the rearing of animals, are well aware that in these kinds of unions the race degenerates; and our own species are not exempt from the same law. Every person can attest this fact, by observing among his friends where such unions are preserved, as cousins

intermarrying, and other near relations, the evident falling off in the issue, if any arise at all.

As an appendage to these curious facts, Mr. Walker considers that the sex of the child is more usually determined by that parent imparting the vital system, subject to some exceptions, which, together with other particulars out of place here, will be found in my 'Institutes of Marriage.' The prolific power of either sex depends entirely upon their relative state of health.

Thus, then, we observe that children take after their parents in equal proportions. A child will resemble its father in the *back* part of the head, and in that portion of the frame influenced by it, as the form and stature, whereas it will take after its mother in the *front* part of the head and the vital system, or in other words, the health and existence. Of course these resemblances are modified by the relationship, as stated, existing betwixt the mother and father,

whether they be of the same variety, or of the same family, or of entirely different characteristics. The marriages between parties of the same variety do not produce such decisive results as among those of opposite variety; and those among the same family are the least prolific and healthy of the range.

Now it must be remembered, that the parents giving the *intellect* and *existence*, or the *energy* and *form*, convey to their offspring the peculiarities of their own organisation. The power of reproducing the species accompanies the vital system, and only in proportion to the perfection of the latter is the perfection of the former; hence, if a parent in infirm health, with peculiar nervous or other derangements, happen to perpetuate in his own child the *anterior series* — namely, *intellect* and the nutritive system, what can be expected in the ensuing generation, should that child survive, and in his turn marry or become a

parent? The same result would follow, and the degeneracy at last would end in the cessation of further extension, and the race of such would become extinct. To those who perfectly understand these remarks and their application, many circumstances connected with their own health become immediately explicable, which before were matters of wonderment, how such and such could be. The inference shows how dependent the vegetative system of man is upon the general health, and how much that rests upon ancestral origin.

These comments are offered for the reader, if they interest or concern him, to ponder upon. If he be an invalid, his first duty should be to try and get well. It is the natural impulse of every man so to do; and frequently the principal reason why he does not recover is, not because he does not take physic in sufficiency, but because he disregards the proper and accessory means to get health. He disregards the

simple laws of nature. Oftentimes the merest change in diet will cure a person of a long-standing complaint. We frequently meet with some happy individual, who will tell us "that he is wonderfully better since he left off beer," or that "the flatulence with which he had been annoyed for half his life has entirely quitted him, since he ceased taking fruit and vegetables." Another owes his restoration through taking brown bread, or drinking only water, and that in large quantities,* or giving up tea or coffee. Surely if such changes can be effected on such easy terms, how it behoves every sick man to make so trifling an effort. What ailments have not vanished on the patient abstaining from meat? How many people even gain flesh and strength in lessening their daily consumption of the good things of this world. The shower bath will double some people's lives. And

* See my book on Hydropathy.

what will not warm, vapour, and all other kinds of bathing do?* All these means are as much the province of the physician, apothecary, or patient to look to, as the administration of a fever-draught or tonic mixture.

In all illnesses, whether of hereditary origin, whether arising from the excesses, follies, and accidents of life, or dependent upon a natural weak state of health, or whether occasioned by *bad and concealed habits*, there is still a disposition on the part of nature "to look up." The invalid, like the tree, erect in its freedom, but made to grow out of shape through being nailed to the wall, requires but to be rid of the restraint, and "Richard's himself again."

And how is it that so much illness prevails? That young men live through their

* See my 'Bath Papers,' to be had for the asking, at the Baths, 5 New Broad street, City, or direct from my residence, by post, on enclosing two penny stamps.

period of young men, and become middle-aged, and even elderly men; but are during the whole of their lives strangers to comfort and *liberty* of feeling? I think the question can easily be answered: it is because they do not persevere in their *abstinence* or their *carefulness*, or that they do not choose to deny themselves the indulgences that brought about their inconveniences; or, perhaps, that they do not trouble themselves in the least about *what they should eat, drink, or do*, or otherwise their medical man gives them no other instructions than to take his physic; or, mayhap, they do not seek the advice of one at all in the matter, or else waste their time in resorting to the quackery with which this large town abounds; or, lastly, when indulging in what I am designating as improvident feeding or mischievous practices, the invalid is unconscious that they are so.

In submitting these pages in their present form and table-talk style, my aim has been

to court readers, in order to draw attention to certain leading facts — that many of us owe our feeble health to having sickly parents; that many young men, otherwise naturally healthy, endanger their health by thoughtless excesses of all kinds, particularly smoking and drinking, free living generally, late hours, uproarious dissipation, *rakish* practices, and the acquirement of passing complaints, with a want of proper attention in getting rid of them, and lastly, by addiction to sundry *unnameable follies, the leading one of which is the main object of this book, although attempted enigmatically, to prohibit and denounce.*

I have endeavoured to enforce the better preservation of health by young men generally; and, in showing what we inherit from our parents, and how much on their good health depends ours, to render that care the more imperative in ourselves, not only for our own sakes, but for those of our children to follow; and also to draw

the notice of the adult man, about to enter into the marriage state, not only to consider his health, but the policy of a judicious alliance, physically speaking, as well as in a worldly sense, whereby the better organization of his progeny may be produced.

The sceptic need not travel mentally through the list of his acquaintances, without becoming a convert to the truth, of how his race is degenerated by unhealthy or ill-timed alliance. Next come we to the

"Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history."

Death needs no artist to picture its coming: its advent is certain. It is a pity that it is so dreaded, because at its proper time, the end of our old age, it should be welcomed as a friend. Happy is he who would retire with it, as he would seek his nightly couch. Poets and writers dress it in such figurative language, that we are taught to fear it as the height of all horrors; and in

our paintings and exhibitions, the sympathy is solicited for the expiring look of the young and beautiful, or the benevolent and good; or else attracted by the agonising aspect of the ambitious and wicked, who are surrendering their life as a due forfeiture for their crimes.

The religious enthusiast only welcomes it in the belief that it is the exchange of worldly care for everlasting happiness.

Death certainly, brought about by ourselves before the debt be due, takes us generally unprepared, and the separation pains us and all belonging to us. The loss of a young child is a great grief; the untimely decease of a brother or sister, and the premature bereft of a bride from her mate, are severally causes of much anguish and sadness; but the complaint and bewailings against the intruder are oftentimes more due to ourselves for disobedience to the laws which permit our existence, than to the merciless avariciousness of the grave.

I again contend, to the evils alone as depicted in the past pages have we to attribute our early exit from this world, and on the other hand I am also satisfied, apart from the accidents of civilisation, supposing man to be free from hereditary debility or malformed organisation, that he has his life in his own keeping, and that it may be extended until he shall surrender with contentedness and resignation to his final repose.

My sketch is drawing to a close, but it would be incomplete (for I have already intimated that it is merely preliminary to other publications) were I to omit pointing out to such of my readers who may have been interested herein, the purport and object of those to follow. I have stated in the present little address, that my endeavour was merely to submit to the general, although probably invalid, reader, the possible cause of declining health; and, if the cap fitted, to point out the means whereby the

evil, whether it be mental or physical, appetital or carnal, might be removed or ameliorated, and our great aim, happiness and long life, secured.*

A few pages on, for such announcements have a proper place, the promised analysis will be found. The reader's curiosity may be converted into a necessity to procure them: if the latter be not due, the perusal will not render it so, but perhaps prevent it; —there are some already less fortunate — to those I address my

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

Friend Reader, —If you are an invalid of the class my book relates to, and in due course of reading have arrived at this page, and should, moreover, have become enlight-

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* I would fain urge the perusal of my recently published little books, entitled, "Guide to Health," and "How to be Happy."

ened as to the cause of your infirmity, the remarks I have to make may interest you. My aim throughout has been to address you in the language of common parlance — of every-day life — to make clear to you some of the most important purposes of existence and its laws, on the observance of which such life may be beautified and rendered happy. If those ordinances in your own case have been violated, you have, doubtlessly, much to grieve for; but at the same time it may console you to know that it is the order of nature not to part with her children, but to gather them around her, and retain them with the affectionate solicitude of a parent so long as it is a law they should remain. We all understand what is meant by the *instinctive love of life*, possessed by each and every one of us — there exists a corresponding tenacity on the part of nature, or call it the world if you will, to retain its subjects, and it should be comforting indeed to know that except there be a positive break

up of the system, an alteration or disease in some important internal structure of the human being, *that life is maintainable and health recoverable* on the simple terms of abandoning the evils which upset them, or were abridging them; and by returning or taking to the regulations our experience assures us to be salutary and just. Nature is by no means a vindictive task-master, but she is a severe one. We may do much with impunity, but there is a penalty to pay if we go beyond the mark, and contrition is in vain, except it be accompanied by a total reformation.

The careful and well-born may almost outlive their lease. We talk of three score and ten I have no doubt in my own mind but that man by prudent living might render one hundred years a common tenure, and numbers of examples attest the fact. But this I confess the more embitters the regrets of those who have forfeited their claim or chances to such a hold, and the eye which

glances over these pennings may be one dimmed in the perusal with self-regrets. I come not, however, to rob you of a ray of hope, nor to obscure the path to the temple of health. I would not stand betwixt any man and the sun. I advocate not repining, but contentment. I am a true believer that "whatever is, is right," and "all is for the best;" and my philosophy teaches me the policy of an immediate reconcilement to what cannot be altered for the better—these are my safeguards; but I have a stronger one, and which has helped me thus far on my way, and which I would impress upon those whom it may concern, and that is, to "*be up and stirring*." No man knows what he can do until he strives. If ill health be your portion, do not sit calmly down and drop into a morbid resignation, under the belief that nature is to cure you, if you are to be cured; that is not contentment: nor let your indolence induce neglect, and thereby suffer a growing mischief to degenerate

into an irrecoverable infirmity. A man should only be resigned when he knows there is no alternative for him, and should never submit to illness, or any misfortune, without an effort to avert it or remove it.

If bad habits have possession of you, throw them off—if *the one* it has been my aim thus silently to refer to, cling to you, abandon it at once. If your reflections remind you of other errors, reform them, and study how to live. Consult not only your own feelings, but your common sense. If, despite your endeavours, the health still flags, seek better counsel than you have gained herein, or that which abides in your own intelligence; but whatever you do, avoid foul-faced empiricism. The wretch who, under the guise of the Samaritan's office, cruelly plays with the sacred health of his fellow man, and uses the timid fears of the wretched to fill his own coffers, deserves the execration and enmity of mankind; but really there is less sympathy for the simple or obstinate who resort to such,

when there is scarcely a street in London but resides a qualified and honourable practitioner. In the present unsettled state of our profession, the public are less protected than, it is to be hoped, a few months hence will find them; but this subject has been amply considered in my little manual, 'The Physiology of the Passions.' An ill nearly akin to the indiscriminate trust in others is, the same unwise faith in ourselves. Well might we add to our worldly gods the science of medicine—it is worthy all honourable worship—it is the divine attribute of man, whereby he exhibits, if administered in its proper spirit, the better essence of his nature—it raises him above the privilege of a king. Royalty can confer favour and bestow wealth, but the good and skilled physician can alone wipe away the tear that money cannot dry up—can alone restore the joy which is but to be found in the return of the dying man to his family. Hail! blessed gift, which so approximates the mortal to the

Creator. Wiser people than yourself will tell you that it is bad to be your own lawyer; it is equally so to be your own physician. Physic may some day or another be an accomplishment, but at present it is a science, — noble in its true light, fearful if abused; it is not yet the acquirement of a day, nor is the knowledge of it only to be gleaned from college readings. A professional man must spend the best part of his life in daily commune with the sick and ailing, for his counsel to be worth a doit. What folly for a carpenter to attempt to mend his own watch.

With these sentiments and feelings, it is a sad transition from the contentedness of the healthy to the despondency of the drooping man, and the romance of the rhapsody fades before the matter of fact, that health, like religious consolation, although to be had for the seeking, if properly sought after, yet in this world of mortality rests so much upon others, that the pained brain or the

heart's anguish can only be exchanged for the physician's fee or the divine's stipend: but so it is, and doubtlessly will be to the end of time. Man lives by the merchandise of his mind, as by the produce of his hands, and the labourer is worthy of his hire.

In presenting you with these pages, let me then at least claim your generous interpretation of them: let no frigid surmise as to any selfish motives I may have in promulgating them detract from their simple merit —*Truth.* If they show a rent in your garment, set about repairing it; if they find you whole and well-attired, pass them to others less happy and less fortunate. The common accidents of life give us our relative position; writing is part of my vocation, and I address those of my own time. A few years doubtlessly will effect such changes, that the subjects I have spent ink and paper upon, and the foibles and frailties I have written about to discourage, will be, if not printed in the school primer, at least will

form a few of the covenants betwixt master and pupil; and that which is broached now with fear and trembling, may become a mother's lesson or a father's chiding. But to those of the immediate hour, — the invalid, whose heart may be fluttering with anxiety about his personal safety, I would thus encourage: if, friend reader, you be young — whether manly or fair — of the stronger or feebler sex, — if half your summers be past, or the close of life be at hand, let hope, with observance of the ordinances we have been talking about, uphold you through your struggle; and if your faith be as warm as mine in the belief of the statements I have herein made, life may yet be a blessing, and death, when it arrives, not dreaded, but welcomed as the setting sun.

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It is an unkind sort of gratification to learn that other people are afflicted like ourselves, but it is a great help to enable us to bear our sorrows by knowing we are not alone the victims of misfortune. This book yields comfort of that kind to those in need of it. As some little proof of its being appreciated, it has been printed in America, and sold to the extent of many thousands. It is the misfortune in this country that marriages are most hastily (more frequently than otherwise) contracted; a pretty face, a fine figure, or a dowry, being the chief enticements; women are captivated also by fine exteriors and specious manners, and these qualifications oftentimes cover, during courtship, a multitude of sins. It would be much wiser, as is the custom, I believe, with the Jews, to look out first for a suitable match, and to fall in love afterwards. This love at first sight might as well occur by design as accident. It is made much of by novelists and poets, who insist wedlock to be a destiny rather than a matter of calculation. but after-experience draws aside the veil, and very many times proves how much better it would have been to have looked before leaping. Reader, whether you are or are not of my way of thinking; whether you be single, married, or widowed; the 'Institutes of Marriage' will prove there to exist "more than is dreamt of in our philosophy."

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